

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1992 • \$4.95

*Playmate
of the
Year*

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
RALPH
NADER



PLUS:
BOB COSTAS
PATRICK SWAYZE
AND HOW TO
TALK TO
YOUR LOVER



By ASA BABER

Let us assume for the moment that you are a genuine stud muffin. You are an attractive man and you like women. Sometimes they like you. You date a lot and there are a number of notches on your dick. For you, sex is not complicated. Sex is fun and games and you would like to play forever.

But something strange is happening in your world. Mr. Happy is fine, but the society you live in is growing darker and more angry. There are new complexities to the dating game. Terms like date rape and acquaintance rape and sexual harassment and he-said-she-said incidents are cramping your style. These days, you seem to be less a stud muffin and more a stud pancake.

"I used to be worried about being rejected by women," you say. "But now I'm worried about losing my job or going to jail if I make the wrong move. I don't know what the rules are anymore."

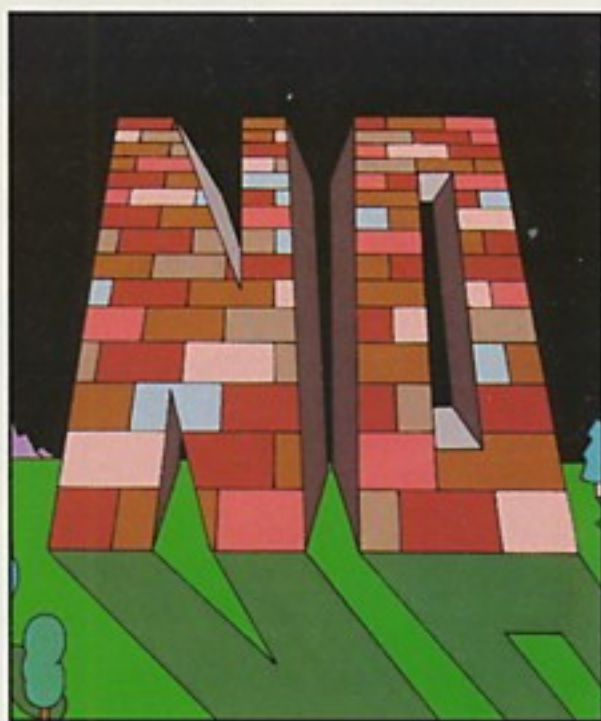
Your worries are legitimate. As we have seen over the past few years, men are now especially vulnerable to charges of sexual misconduct. From Thomas to Smith to Tyson, a contentious area of the law is being explored, and men are confused about the rules and about what women want (and don't want) in social situations.

But confusion kills, gentlemen, and it can also be used as an excuse for much misbehavior. So I have prepared a quiz to cut through the debate and answer some of your questions.

What follows is the Stud Muffin Quiz. It looks like a multiple-choice test, but watch out. There is only one correct response to each of these examples, and if you flunk this test in real life, you will not pass go and you might go to jail:

(1) An attractive female colleague at work seems to be friendly, humorous, even bawdy. Her cubicle is near yours and you enjoy her presence. The two of you talk and joke; she is single and mentions no significant other. You eventually ask her if she would like to meet you after work for a drink. She says, "No, sorry, I can't." At which point you:

- a. Grab your crotch and say "Hey, you don't know what you're missing."
- b. Hang around her desk all day chanting "Please baby, please baby, please baby, please."
- c. Refuse to take "no" for an answer and ask her out again every day for the next three months until she accepts.



THE STUD MUFFIN QUIZ

d. Smile politely, say "I understand" and never again mention meeting socially unless she brings it up.

(2) In an attempt to appear cultured, you skip a Saturday afternoon with your bowling league and go to an art exhibit. As you stand in front of a painting, a beautiful redheaded woman smiles brightly at you and says, "Doesn't that use of acrylics turn you on?" She invites you out for a drink, and as you sit there with her, she casually puts her hand on your fly and says, "Let's go back to my place." Just inside her front door, the two of you fall into a passionate embrace, but she suddenly breaks away and cries, "No, stop, I can't do this. My body may want you but my head won't allow it." You:

- a. Rip off all her clothes and carry her into her bedroom.
- b. Fall at her feet and whine "Please baby, please baby, please baby, please."
- c. Say "I never take 'no' for an answer" and pull her down to the floor with you.
- d. Stop what the two of you have been doing, say "I understand" and get the hell out of there as fast as you can.

(3) You have been dating a woman for several months and you have been a sly fox about it. You never make the first move, you always stop when she asks you to stop and your perpetual horniness

has been well-disguised. The two of you have had some hot petting sessions, but you have yet to go all the way. This night by the lake seems to be the moment. She is naked, you are naked; she holds your erection in her hands as she sits astride you and seems ready to insert it. But a stricken look crosses her face, and she abruptly slides off and huddles on a far corner of the blanket. "No," she cries, "it wouldn't be right." You:

- a. Drag her back on top of you.
- b. Snuggle behind her and slip it in before she knows it.
- c. Grunt once and ask her, "I suppose a blow job is out of the question?"
- d. Take a deep breath, say "I understand" and go jump in the lake.

(4) You are doing it. She loves it, you love it; there seem to be no complications and happiness is a thing called intercourse. All the forces of the universe gather in your groin and your orgasm is near; hers have passed. Suddenly, she pushes you away. "This is wrong, this is immoral and I should never have agreed to it," she says. You:

- a. Say "Tell it to the judge" and reenter her.
- b. Say nothing and reenter her.
- c. Whine, cry, bicker, moan, gasp and yell before you reenter her.
- d. Grit your teeth, stop in mid-stroke, pull out, remember that there are no witnesses at this moment and that it will be your word against hers in a court of law and leave immediately, if not sooner.

There you have it. A tough quiz for tough times. Item "d" is the only acceptable answer in each instance. And I am telling you as bluntly as I can that, as men, we now operate without choice in this area of our lives. Once she says no, it's over. So here are some new rules:

- Always take "no" for an answer.*
- Always stop when asked to stop.*
- Never assume "no" means "yes."*
- If her lips tell you "no" but there's "yes" in her eyes, keep in mind that her words, not her eyes, will appear in the court transcript.*

It's not Kansas anymore, gentlemen. So you'd better live and date defensively. If it will help, have a chuckle and think of it like this: Even Toto might bring you up on charges one day if you're not careful.

That's just the way it is, pancake.



NOT-SO-HIGH FIDELITY

the new political rules of adultery

By LENNY KLEINFELD

The interesting thing is not that Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton scored decisive primary victories. It's that he's still in the race; no issue received anything like the saturation coverage lavished on Clinton's alleged marital infidelities.

Now, with Clinton winning primaries anyway, the focus is back on such trifles as the economy. But if Clinton does become the Democratic nominee and runs well, I predict someone will do whatever's necessary to drag the Other Woman back into the spotlight.

Why are we so susceptible to the notion that promiscuity renders a candidate unfit for high American office? I blame the schools. They seem to have left the nation ignorant of its past. And that's made us vulnerable to the bizarre assumption that promiscuity automatically renders a candidate unfit for high American office. When Ben Franklin served as ambassador to France during the Revolutionary War, he spent almost as much time bedding French women as he did cajoling French officials. I guess that means the French fleet didn't show up in time to clinch a victory at Yorktown.

Few of the gents who authored the Federalist Papers, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were noted for their lack of mistresses. Thomas Jefferson, the most ubiquitous hands-on participant, kept and slept with at least one slave; my word for that is "rape." Does that mean we should take the papers that founded our nation and inspired 200 years of global political change and run them through the nearest shredder? Does it mean Jefferson didn't cut an amazing deal on the Louisiana Purchase?

But, hey, those were whole other centuries with whole other dance steps. Let's look at modern times.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had a girlfriend while in office. I guess that means F.D.R. didn't lift spirits, reform business practices and weave a social safety net during the Depression, and then lead the country through World War Two.

Dwight Eisenhower had a mistress during that war. I guess that means

with the biggest deficit in the history of money?

Nowhere in our past, or anyone else's, is there a correlation between monogamy—or the lack of it—and political ability. Whom a President has slept with means nothing compared to which campaign contributors he's whoring for.

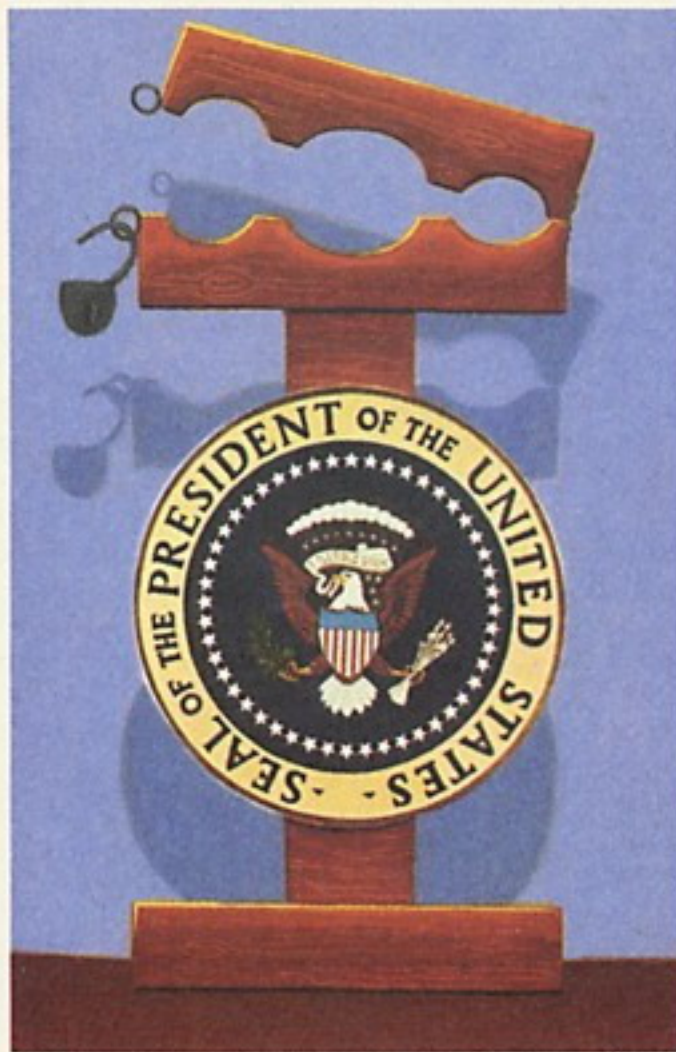
Competence, of course, isn't the only quality we look for in Presidential timber. There's also the knotty matter of character. An affair could reveal clues to that—if only we knew the details.

Did he neglect his family or his work? Did he and his lover have blood tests and use condoms? Was he good to his wife when he got home? Is he as tolerant of his wife as he expects her to be of him? Problem is, a candidate who'd spew those kinds of details in public couldn't be trusted with any position higher than that of daytime talk-show host.

Conversely, monogamy alone is no proof of character—especially in a climate where absolute fidelity is an absolute requirement for electability—because we have no way of knowing if a candidate has been faithful to his wife or to his ambitions.

In years past, it was a moot, or more exactly, mute, point—the press simply didn't report what it knew about extramarital activities. Hypocritical, perhaps, but it negated the greater hypocrisy of having candidates eliminated by irrelevant taboos. Today, when every shred of gossip is sure to be published, we can no longer pretend that infidelity is grounds for political disqualification. Doing so makes us hostage to every cheap-shot campaign manager, editor and Bible thumper who can afford to pay an ex-girlfriend to talk.

Once every four years, it's our duty to hire someone for the most complicated, dangerous job in the world. It's no time to fuck around.



we lost it. And there wasn't runaway prosperity during Ike's Administration. His warnings about the military-industrial complex must have been hogwash, too.

Camelot isn't remembered for J.F.K.'s ability to keep his pants zipped. So there must still be Soviet IRBMs in Cuba—and he deserved what he got in Dallas.

By way of contrast, assume Ronald Reagan has been faithful to Nancy. Does that increase your respect for him? Does it mean he didn't leave us

X-RATED RAIDS

the feds came loaded for bare buns

By STEPHEN RAE

In the predawn hours of September 27, 1991, FBI agents, backed by the LAPD vice squad, broke down the front gate to X-rated film maker James Wasson's West Hollywood apartment, rousing him from bed to be shackled, hauled downtown and strip-searched. Wasson, who has directed several gay videos for Vivid Video Incorporated under the name Jim West, was joined in jail by Phil Toubus, who makes straight videos for Vivid under the name Paul Thomas. Three weeks later, the directors and Vivid's owners, Steven Hirsch and David James, found themselves in a federal district court in Oxford, Mississippi, charged with conspiring to distribute obscene materials.

They were in Oxford because the Supreme Court's 1973 *Miller* ruling on obscenity grants communities broad rights to determine if sexually oriented materials violate local standards of decency. An Oxford grand jury had found that the mainstream sex in Vivid's videos violated theirs. But it wasn't the citizens of Oxford who had risen up in outrage over the presence of *Nympho Brats* and *Salt and Pepper Boys*. The indictments were orchestrated in Washington, D.C.—if administered with the aid of a compliant local D.A.—by the National Obscenity Enforcement Unit, the Justice Department's gung-ho band of smut-busting prosecutors. The most enduring judicial legacy of disgraced Attorney General Edwin Meese, the 18-member unit is waging a much-publicized war on the adult-entertainment industry.

Consider that the number of U.S. obscenity prosecutions jumped nearly 400 percent from 1987 to 1990; in 1990, 120 individuals or corporations were indicted. Also in 1990, the unit broadened its Project Post Porn campaign against mail-order distributors to target video producers. In 1991, with the indictments of Wasson and Toubus, it went after directors.

The Vivid bust bore the earmarks of a classic National Obscenity Enforcement Unit operation. Standing *Miller* on its head, the unit seeks out what it thinks are the nation's least tolerant communities and, by prosecuting national companies in these locales, attempts to impose their conservative

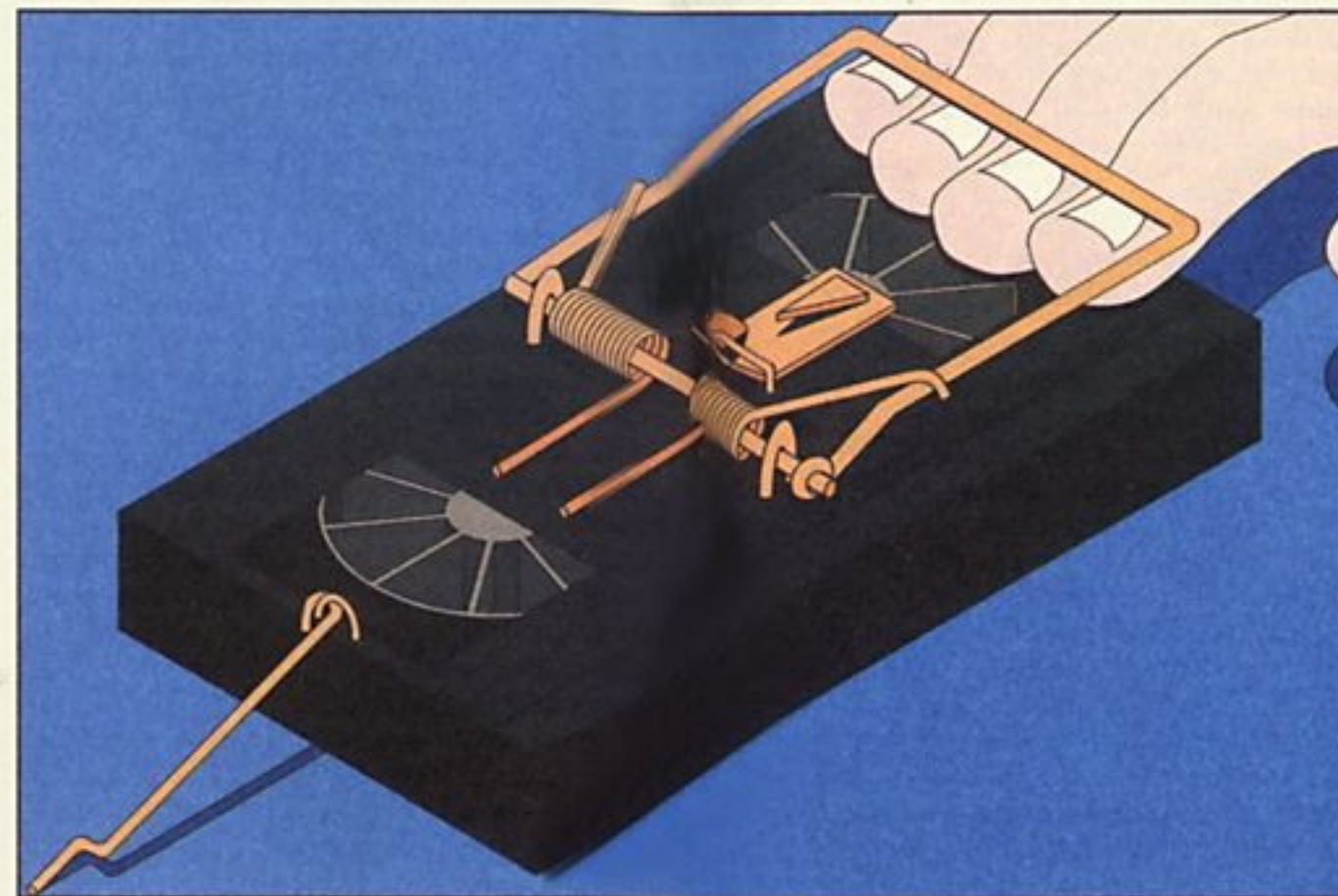
standards on the rest of us. Spending millions of dollars annually, the feds set up local video shops, order tapes from California and get the Postal Service to make the bust when they're mailed. "We need a phone book to list all the places you can and cannot ship to," says David Kastens, chairman and president of the Adult Video Association. But "it's impossible to do community-standard studies in every community in the United States. We don't have the resources." The NOEU God Squad does.

The God Squad's goons have been challenged by only two opponents. One courageous distributor, Philip Harvey ("Project Post Porn," *The Playboy Forum*, September 1990), has been fighting back and just recently the ACLU has decided to bring its considerable muscle to the fray. The unit is, according to the ACLU, a "constitutionally renegade operation" so tanked on religious zealotry that it routinely trashes the law in its self-described mission to restore America's "moral fiber." Documents from Harvey's lawsuit and a blistering ACLU report, *Above the Law: The Justice Department's War Against the First Amendment*, issued last December, contain amazing admissions of totalitarian behavior on the part of the agency. Unlike the courts, which have wrestled for decades with the definition of obscenity, these Christians pass around soft-core magazines—which they know could never be found legally obscene—and agree to rid the U.S. of them. Even a woman's bare breasts were deemed "offensive and repugnant" by H. Rob Showers, the unit's born-again first director. "Any kind of nudity," Showers said, "particularly frontal nudity, male or female, and any sex act [is] immoral and obscene." Richard Lambert, Assistant U.S. District Attorney for Utah and an architect of the unit's legal strategies, agreed. "Society would be better off," he declared in a deposition, "[if] there were no market for *Playboy*."

Even the FBI's own obscenity investigators—tough guys without bleeding hearts—were shocked by the unit's sin-

gle-mindedness. Showers, FBI special agent Raymond Bernard testified, was a "fanatic, a zealot" on the subject of pornography, which passed an interest and became a preoccupation.

"They had a vision that, if they prosecuted enough people, they could eventually shut down [the] adult-pornography industry," testified Robert Marinaro, then the FBI's chief obscenity investigator, in a deposition. He was troubled by the unit's trampling on constitutionally protected speech: They "became zealots [whose] religious belief overstepped good judgment." At the Justice Department, the unit, which Showers had staffed with attorneys from the private, procensorship group Citizens for Decency Through Law, was an embarrassment, thanks



in part to its sponsorship of lunatic groups that link pornography with Satanism. As Doug McCullough, Showers' boss, admitted to attorneys, "The people that are in charge of this investigation are crazy about this subject."

The unit did come up with an inspired legal strategy. It realized it didn't have to win convictions (in many cases it knew it would lose) to force companies out of the business of selling

sexually oriented materials; it merely had to bankrupt them and deprive them of competent counsel. Since there are "a limited number . . . of First Amendment lawyers [capable] of defending these organizations," Marinaro stated, the unit endeavored to "tie them up as much as possible" by bringing simultaneous indictments in far-flung parts of the land. The tactic worked. Companies slated to begin four trials in four districts within two months threw up their hands and agreed to go quietly.

Another tactic was to indict "deep," charging as many company employees as possible, since each defendant needed his or her own lawyer. "This strategy would test the limits of the pornographers' endurance," Brent Ward, U.S. District Attorney for Utah during the Eighties and another unit architect, wrote to Meese.

Jury acquittals need not be major setbacks, either. One defense counsel testified, "federal prosecutors made clear to us that . . . defendants would be prosecuted in another jurisdiction, and . . . this process would be repeated

ple prosecutions as inherently unfair, if they were textbook cases of illegal "bad faith" prosecutions waged "without reasonable expectation of obtaining a valid conviction"—hey, it's the Justice Department. "I don't think anybody was really aware of the scope of this campaign and its real goals in the first few years," says Marjorie Heins, co-author of *Above the Law* and director of the ACLU's Arts Censorship Project. "When they use multiple prosecution as the weapon to bludgeon those whose speech they disfavor, for the purpose of bankrupting or putting so much pressure on an individual or company that they will have to cry uncle and enter into a plea agreement in which they essentially relinquish their First Amendment rights, that is an unlawful motivation that violates the First Amendment."

Some judges thought so, also. In 1988, a U.S. district court ruled that, because of the government's bad-faith conduct, one defendant faced "annihilation, by attrition if not by conviction," and granted an injunction. Alarmed by the reversal and the outlaw direction in which Showers was leading the agency, the unit's Special Attorney, Paul C. McCommon III, drafted a five-page memo to Showers outlining the shaky constitutional grounds on which he had placed the unit and warning of future judicial setbacks. "On several occasions I have advised you of my concerns," McCommon wrote, "but I don't feel you have taken my warnings seriously."

Showers' response, according to McCommon's sworn deposition, was classic Reagan-Bush management style. "I want you to gather up the copies, and I want you to get the diskette from the secretary who typed it," he instructed. "And I want you to shred it."

Pussygate proved too much for Showers' superiors at the Justice Department, who suspended and removed him. His replacement, Patrick Trueman, was the former general counsel to Americans United for Life. Trueman was another believer, but not in American democracy. Asked by one defense attorney whether unconvicted defendants weren't being forced to surrender their First Amendment rights, Trueman ("another individual whose religiosity clouded his judgment," according to Marinaro) replied, "That's correct. They are. The reason is, they're criminals and they can't be trusted."

Subsequent court rulings have brought the unit back to reality. In 1990, finding that a substantial likelihood existed that the unit's conduct "constitute[d] bad faith calculated

to suppress constitutional rights," a Washington, D.C., federal judge enjoined the unit from its multiple-prosecution strategy. Last fall, a U.S. district court in Dallas rejected the government's attempted use of RICO-style laws to seize corporate assets as a "transparent pretext for closing down a legitimate business." It scolded the Justice Department: "The First Amendment's safeguards against prior restraint of expression do not vanish merely because a criminal statute is used to silence printing presses."

"Are we such weaklings that we need a Justice Department task force to protect our delicate sensibilities?" asked author Susan Isaccs, one of the artists who spoke at the December 1991 ACLU press conference that introduced *Above the Law*. "As a nation, we were never given to fainting spells. . . . So how come, all of a sudden, we've become a nation of weenies?"

The ACLU called for the unit's abolition and for congressional hearings into its behavior. The Adult Video Association and the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund rallied 700 people to protest in front of the Federal Building in Westwood, California. Their call for larger demonstrations may prove frustrating. Viewers of X-rated movies are often loath to admit it (just ask Clarence Thomas) and aren't likely to take to the streets. More promising are the establishment of an information bank for defending adult-entertainment companies and an anticipated legal counterattack on the Justice Department. While acknowledging that the unit's founders were "wedded to a certain ideology," Justice Department spokesmen don't seem to get what the fuss is about. "We go after pornography the way we go after narcotics or terrorism," says Doug Tillett, denying charges of criminality. But the unit recently changed its name to the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section, obviously for PR purposes, since child pornography has never been its pressing concern. Meanwhile, people are going to prison. Michael Warner, president of Great Western Litho, was sentenced to eight months incarceration for the crime of printing video boxes.

"They're not going to stop with me," warns film director Wasson. "They're going to go after other directors, they're going to go after the actors, they're going to go after the people who watch these things."

If a piece of parchment called the Bill of Rights gets in their way, the God Squad prosecutors know how to handle that. They'll shred it.

FLACK ATTACK

when banks or despots need polish, they hire the spin merchants at hill and knowlton—you know, the folks that got us into iraq

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

As bits and pieces about their shenanigans leak out, I keep asking myself: Who are these people at Hill and Knowlton, the public relations firm that meddles everywhere in our political life? Operating out of 66 offices in 25 countries, this multinational company makes a mockery of national and democratic politics. They manipulate elected officials and news organizations with total impunity. They were hired to run a campaign against abortion on behalf of the Catholic church; they represented the Church of Scientology; they orchestrated the drive to get the United States into war against Iraq for their client, Kuwait. Even if you agree with their campaigns, you should have reservations about their influence and methods.

These are the people who projected a favorable picture of BCCI, told us that the Chinese Communists are fine folks despite their human rights record, that the Indonesian government, which massacred hundreds of thousands in East Timor, wasn't so bad and that the Iraqis threw babies out of incubators when they occupied Kuwait—all of it distortions, if not outright lies.

Now, after the votes have been taken in Congress, the truth seeps out. But the con worked perfectly at the time. Our government left alone the banking swindlers until it was too late, granted China most-favored-nation trade status and brought the emir back. You have to hand it to them: When it comes to public relations, no matter the client, the people at Hill and Knowlton certainly earn their bucks.

Public relations. It sounds so innocent and suggests an obviously good thing. Not like the ugly word propaganda. Or better yet, foreign propaganda. But that's what firms like Hill and Knowlton are—hired hustlers available to any government or group willing and able to pay their exorbitant fees. Forget political principle. In this country they draw their operatives from the ranks of both liberals and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, all apparently willing to serve the same suspect class of clients. Frank Mankiewicz (who ran the McGovern campaign), Anne Wexler (a top Carter aide) and Craig L. Fuller (who was Vice President George Bush's chief

of staff) have all profitably coexisted as top executives of this new type of international propaganda ministry.

Flacks never cease to amaze me with their obsequious venality in the service of any client who will pay. As a working journalist, I deal with public relations people all the time, and as long as I remember that most of the breed are a cross between pimp and bunko artist, they can be useful. They collect information, set up interviews, provide film and will even write your story for you if you let them.

Unfortunately, during the Iraq war, the flacks got the upper hand. A rare media mention of this manipulation was provided by veteran foreign correspondent Gary Lee, who wrote in *The Washington Post*:

Hill and Knowlton has conducted a hard sell of the Kuwaiti position that is designed to overcome the public's lack of knowledge about the Persian Gulf and to show that a moderate response to the conflict would not suffice. Starting with a press blitz by the Kuwaiti ambassador in Washington, Hill and Knowlton has helped organize junkets for journalists, a Congressional hearing on Iraqi atrocities and advertisements in *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times* and *USA Today*. It has also spread to an eager American press letters from hostages and sagas of tortured Kuwaitis.

Remember that dramatic testimony at a Congressional caucus offered up by a tearful Kuwaiti girl who claimed to have witnessed particularly evil Iraqi atrocities? A year after the fact, John R. MacArthur revealed in *The New York Times* that the anonymous witness was none other than the daughter of Kuwait's ambassador to the U.S. Her account of babies being tossed from incubators was cited by the President in a score of speeches. According to doctors interviewed at the various hospitals in question after the liberation of Kuwait, her story turned out to be without factual foundation. It was Kuwaiti medical personnel who abandoned the babies in their wild attempt to flee the country along with the Kuwaiti army.

Hill and Knowlton's client was an

outfit called the Citizens for a Free Kuwait, which was funded by the emir of Kuwait and his cohorts. Its goal was to make the emir's return to power over his corrupt kingdom an international crusade, and that meant playing the human rights card. Emotional testimony was essential to make the case that Saddam Hussein was more than just another bad guy. The demonization of Hussein was essential to reverse a decade of support for this tyrant as the lesser evil in the war with Iran. *The Los Angeles Times* recently revealed that U.S. support for Hussein had continued until nine months before the invasion of Iraq. Bush had signed top-secret National Security Decision Directive 26 and granted Hussein a billion dollars in credit, which enabled him to put his scarce hard currency into more military equipment at a time when international banks had cut off his credit. As late as spring 1990, senior Bush aides overrode others in the Administration and permitted Hussein to continue to obtain so-called dual-use technology, assisting him in developing, among other menacing armaments, his nuclear industry.

The Congressional debate was a reasoned one until the hysterical reports stampeded the Senate into support of war. The point here is not to rehash who was right in that debate but rather to note that this exercise in democratic decision making was short-circuited in large measure by the deceptions of Hill and Knowlton.

Let me add that while Hill and Knowlton is the largest and most egregious offender, it doesn't stand alone. Kuwait had hired at least six other firms for its propaganda effort and, as Gary Lee pointed out in *The Washington Post*, "virtually every other international group seeking to influence American public opinion has employed an image maker." Perhaps that is just fine, as long as the source is clearly identified and critically evaluated by the news media and elected officials. But since we are all in a Buy American mood, might we not want to look more closely at regulating foreign purchase of our essential political debate?





"Today, we'll start the first lesson of chamber music."

V VIDEO V VAMP



meet lynn muscarella,
the knockout hostess of cable tv's "voyeurvision"

NESTLED IN THE CLUTTER of Manhattan's late-night television fare is the ultimate in safe sex for the cable-ready: *Voyeurvision*, the nation's only live call-in tele-fantasy show. Four nights a week, Lynn Muscarella, the show's campy, vampy hostess, slithers over the sheets while encouraging her phone fans to flesh out their sexiest fantasies. Most, not surprisingly, involve her—which delights the Brooklyn-bred Muscarella. She jokes, teases, pouts, writhes—even blushes. "I'm your video game," she coos to a caller. "Tell me what you want."

Open-mindedness is nothing new to the *Voyeurvision* hostess. "I was brought up believing that sexuality was healthy—something to be explored." Like the enlightened guys and girls who call her, Lynn believes in the cliché: "Sex is between the ears, not between the legs."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



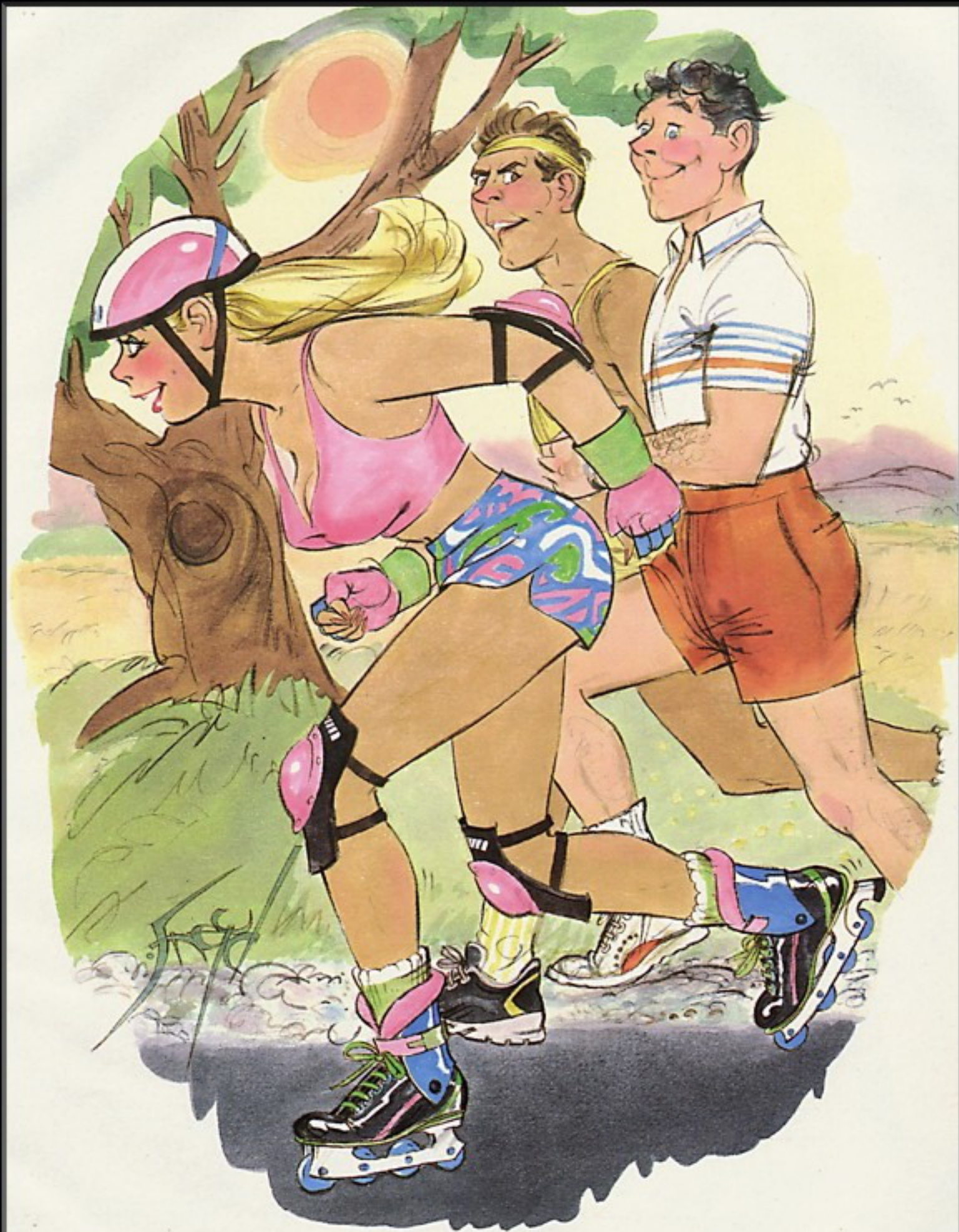






It's been the hottest phenomenon on cable since 1990, when Lynn first draped herself in satin and began taking late-night calls. The brainchild of husband-producer Bill, the show's format consists of interactive erotic exchanges between Lynn and her loyal voyeurs, who dial in or write letters that the sultry hostess reads on the air. For five dollars a minute, Lynn is all theirs. "It's very personal—I feel as if I'm in their living rooms." Although she's been acting since the age of seven (Broadway shows, commercials and an upcoming film, *Scent of a Woman*, starring Al Pacino), Lynn says her role as midnight mistress is no act. "I'm sexiest when I just relax and respond to the audience." Without shedding a stitch, Lynn guesses that she has inspired millions of orgasms. She looks for more when the show goes national on pay-per-view, which she hears may be soon. "People say I have charisma," Lynn explains. Her husband is more direct: "She drips sex." Stay tuned.





"I'm telling you, Charley—if we don't get Rollerblades soon, we may as well forget about women!"



"Why do you always have to rush things?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG



Sixteen-year-old Peter flips through a scrapbook with his older sister (above). Angela thrives on city life in Seattle, where she works as a hairstylist (below), shops till she drops and dances the nights away. Yes, she even likes the weather.



STYLED *in* SEATTLE

once a refugee from vietnam, hairdresser angela melini
is putting down roots on this side of the pacific

I 'M A PRACTICAL GIRL," says Angela Melini, and you believe her. Let others wish and wonder and hope and dream: Angela has things to do. She isn't looking around for a frog prince to kiss or waiting for a Hollywood producer to make her an offer she can't refuse. Miss June plans to go back to school, save money, invest. Someday not too soon, she'd like to marry and raise kids. Meanwhile, she works as a hairdresser in a cozy salon in Seattle, her adopted home town. You know this 22-year-old is unflappable when you see her taking care of business in the salon. Doubling as a receptionist and stylist on a recent Friday afternoon, Angela calmly minded the rattling phone, booked appointments, gossiped with co-workers, planned a ski trip and treated her clients to shampoos, haircuts and the psychic hand-holding that accompanies new dos. For one fretting male customer, she spun a long, bawdy tale about his having sex with a beautiful woman in hell. (The Devil's punch line: "Excuse me, Ron, what you don't understand is that *she's* the one trying to get out of here.") Later, digging into a seafood dinner at her favorite waterfront restaurant, she reviewed her day. "What I love about the salon is meeting people, working with people. I love the high energy," she said. "But cutting hair is what I do, not who I am." The more you



"Growing up, I loved swimming in the creek, riding bikes, snowball fights. But I was always real feminine, too. I would sneak my mother's perfume and paint my nails. I just couldn't wait to wear make-up."



learn about Angela, the easier it is to understand why she doesn't want to be defined by her work—or by her remarkable beauty. "There are plenty of pretty girls," she muses. "You have to have more than that." Angela was born in Saigon, Vietnam, at the height of the war. She never knew her father, an American soldier killed on the battlefield. She has not seen or spoken with her twin brother, Dúong—she calls him Larry—since he was trapped at their grandmother's house in a village overtaken by the Viet Cong when she and her mother fled Vietnam in 1974. Angela was five years old. "The next thing I remember," she says, "I was living in a big house at the end of the road, with woods and a creek out back." That was Fayetteville, North Carolina, where she began a typically suburban American childhood of bike riding, roller-skating and hanging out at the mall. Mom married another military man. A new baby brother, Peter, joined the family. Angela forgot much of her Vietnamese. Her stepdad was transferred to Fort Lewis and the family moved to Olympia, Washington. "It's weird when so much happens to you when you're so young," she says. "One thing you learn is to just get on with your life."







"The perfect man for me?" says Angela, smiling. "He is sensitive but not a whiner. He's romantic and he has a real sexy smile. He brings me flowers. He compliments me. I love men who are athletic but not all pumped-up and disgusting-looking. Tall. Slim. Kind of shy, like me, but then I can also be really aggressive, so that can be good, too. Oh, yeah: The man I love definitely has to be a great kisser."





MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Angela melini

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Angela Meline
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 35
 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115 lbs
 BIRTH DATE: 7-25-69 BIRTHPLACE: Saigon, Vietnam
 AMBITIONS: Finish school and make money now
— nice husband and healthy children later!
 TURN-ONS: I'm the ultimate romantic — I Love
beach walks, sunsets, love songs, soft kisses.
 TURN-OFFS: Guys — forget the bikini briefs — yuck!!
 MY DREAM MAN: He's a little older than me, a
little taller than me, has the sweetest
smile and sexiest eyes. Is that you?
 ON OUR DREAM DATE: Roses, dinner, dancing and
a roller coaster ride. Let's have FUN!
 WHEN WE GET HOME: Put on soft music, turn the
lights down low and give me a neck
massage. Then, well, use your imagination...
 P.S.: Im not impressed WITH money and all
that flash. Just Be Yourself!



Disneyland
1990.



me and
my bro.



13 yrs old — I'm
finally a teen!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

For sweeping the grand championships at the state fair, a backwoods 4-H club won a trip to London. One day, the club members decided to take a trip on a double-decker bus. Half rode below, half rode on top. The group on the bottom was having a great time, whooping and hollering, but the topsiders weren't making a sound. Finally, one of the bottom group climbed the stairs to see what the problem was. He was amazed to see everyone sitting stiffly, holding on for dear life.

"What's wrong with you guys?" he asked. "We're having a blast down there."

"Sure, it's easy for *you* to have a blast," one topsider replied. "*You*'ve got a driver."



Did you hear about the new language-skills program being designed especially for Poland? It's called Hooked on Consonants.

A drunk who stuttered badly sidled up to the barmaid and said, "H-h-how 'b-b-bout a fu-fu-fu . . ." and then finally blurted out, "a f-f-few matches?"

The barmaid had turned red in the face, so the drunk added, "I b-b-bet you thought I was going to ask you for a fu-fu-full box!"

We heard that in Battle Creek, Michigan, a man was found dead in a bathtub filled with milk. His mouth was stuffed with a banana. The preliminary police report suggested that it was the work of a cereal killer.

Around the Supreme Court, there's a movement afloat to institute the Clarence Thomas 11th Commandment: Thou shalt not show thy rod to thy staff.

The psychiatrist removed his glasses, closed the manila folder and smiled at the patient seated across from him. "I'm happy to say, Mr. Blow, that you've made a complete recovery. Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased? Why should I be pleased?" the patient shot back. "A year ago, I was Jesus Christ. Now, I'm Joe Blow."

What did the blonde say when asked to be a Jehovah's Witness? "Hey, I didn't even see the accident."

An elderly gentleman awoke in the middle of the night with an urgent need to pee. He stumbled into the bathroom and stood patiently before the upraised lid, but nothing happened.

"What's the matter with you?" he said to his recalcitrant member. "All these years you performed on cue and now, all of a sudden, you're giving me trouble."

His wife, awakened by the sound of his conversation, called out, "Honey, who are you talking to?"

"Oh," he replied dejectedly, "no one you'd remember."

We understand there's a dyslexic rabbi who, when consternated, exclaims, "Yo!"

Irate over the price of meat, a shopper in the supermarket pulled a clerk aside and screamed, "You can take this damn T-bone and shove it!"

"I can't do that, ma'am," the clerk said. "I already have a dollar-fifty head of lettuce up there."



Clipping his hedges one afternoon, Roger waved to his dim-witted and luckless neighbor, who was out mowing his lawn. Just then, the mower hit a rock, swerved out of control and fell into the swimming pool. The frantic fellow dove into the pool after it.

Becoming alarmed when his neighbor didn't come up for air, Roger rushed over to investigate. He leaned over the edge of the pool and spotted his friend at the bottom, pulling at the starter cord over and over again.

"What a dope," Roger murmured. Then he cupped his hands around his mouth and hollered, "Choke it, choke it!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I don't know—what do you want to do tonight?"

Graham Wilson



"Here it comes!"



"Gimme the special, but hold the oat bran and the salad, and make it Scotch instead of white wine."



CORINNA HARNEY,
A WINNER
FROM LAS VEGAS,
BREAKS THE
BANK



PLAYMATE of the YEAR

CORINNA NEVER WISHED to be Playmate of the Year. Corinna used to sit in her car in Nevada's Amargosa Desert, making wishes on shooting stars, wishing to be *Playboy's* Playmate of the Month. But Playmate of the Year? Forget it. Being the woman who aces out 11 beauties and gets a life of silk and limousines for a year, plus a hot new car and \$100,000? "That was too *beyond*," says Corinna, 20. "I mean, I loved getting to keep the boots I wore in my pictorial, the ones with the aces," she says. "I just never pictured this."



Animal lover Corinna Harney, our 1992 Playmate of the Year, increases her horsepower this month. She had bought a used car after becoming Miss August 1991; it now rusts beside her P.M.O.Y. prize, a lipstick-red 1992 Lexus SC 300 with a \$100,000 check in the glove box (right). Her plans? "Enjoying what's happening to me," says Vegas' favorite daughter.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



*I*ust back from Jamaica, where she spent two weeks shooting this pictorial and doing some serious celebrating with her new entourage, Corinna is still breathless. "How do I feel? Surprised. Happy. Excited," she says. "I feel lucky!"







Proof that nice things can happen to nice people: A little more than a year ago, Corinna Harney was bouncing around her native Las Vegas, killing time with such schoolgirl stuff as squirt-gunning tourists' cars, waiting to turn 21 so she could land a good casino job. Now she is her fave magazine's star of the year, one of the decade's top-ten women. "Corinna is a sweet, fresh, natural girl," says *Playboy's* Photography Director Gary Cole. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, her studio buddy, concurs, adding that she's "funny, too." Almost everyone who meets her responds to Corinna's guileless charm. But leave it to a fan to put it best. "She's just so attractive," says Bob Ryterski, 22, of Franksville, Wisconsin. He won a date with Miss August 1991 in a radio contest. "A limo drove up to my yard. She got out and I was, like . . . blinded." Our Playmate of the Year 1992 laughs off such talk. Sweet, fresh, natural, funny and blindingly beautiful? It's all true, but Corinna would be the last to believe it.







Corinna is a poet. Last year, to mark her *Playboy* debut, she penned the line, "If you can't tell, the fairy tale is true." By now you can tell: Las Vegas' new star has more than luck going for her. There are many beautiful women in the world, but the Playmate of the Year's glass slipper fits only the sweetest, freshest, fairest of all.





Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON





"Nice cast, sir."



*"Did I tell you you
didn't have to protect your financial records
with a secret password? Did I tell you you would forget
the secret password? Did I?"*

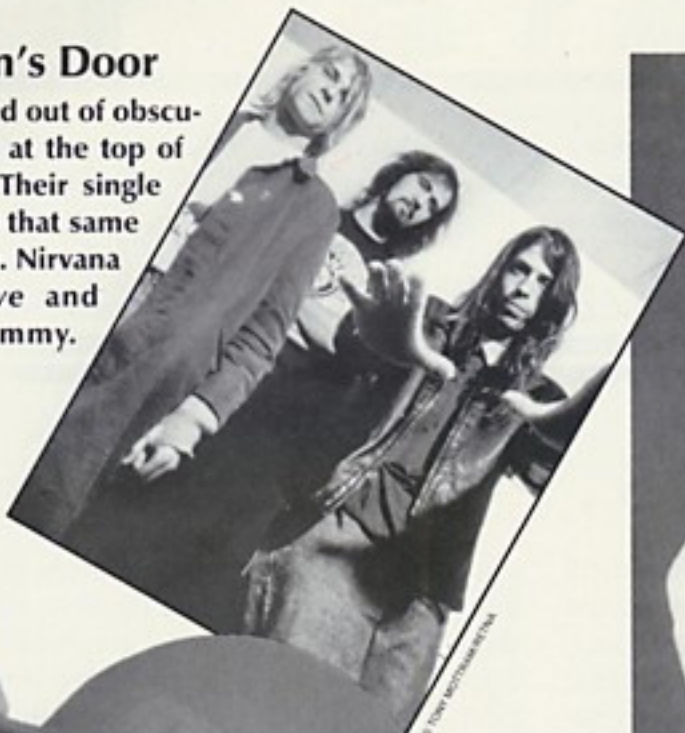


"And now that you've seen my etchings, my dear. . . ."

GRAPEVINE

Knocking on Heaven's Door

Seattle rockers NIRVANA rolled out of obscurity to a triple-platinum start at the top of the charts with *Nevermind*. Their single *Smells Like Teen Spirit* caught that same spirit and is nearing platinum. Nirvana played *Saturday Night Live* and got nominated for a Grammy. Incredible beginner's pluck.



An Offer We Can't Refuse

Starlet TONYA OFFER has been spotted on TV in episodes of *In the Heat of the Night*, *Drexell's Class*, *Empty Nest* and *Married... with Children*, commercials for cognac and the California lottery and in *Swimwear Illustrated* and *Landmark* calendars. Here, we're enjoying Tonya undone.



Buns of Fun

DEVON JENKIN appeared on screen in *Twisted Nightmare*, Tom Petty's music video *Free Fallin'* and in TV commercials. For us, Devon salutes summer with a tip of her hat.

Once in Love with Ami

Actress AMI DOLENZ (ex-Monkees Micky's kid) is making movies. In *Rescue Me*, she plays a kidnap victim; in *Miracle Beach*, a genie. In *Grapevine*, she plays cute, which is how to get in with us.



Louisiana Red-hot

Zydeco rocker STANLEY "BUCKWHEAT" DURAL, JR., is a happy man. Zydeco, accordion-powered dance music that comes out of his Creole roots in southwestern Louisiana, has finally hit the mainstream, propelled by his own LP *On Track*. Listen to the Buckwheat Zydeco version of Jimi Hendrix' *Hey Joe* and you'll get the idea. Then put on your dancing shoes and catch him in concert.



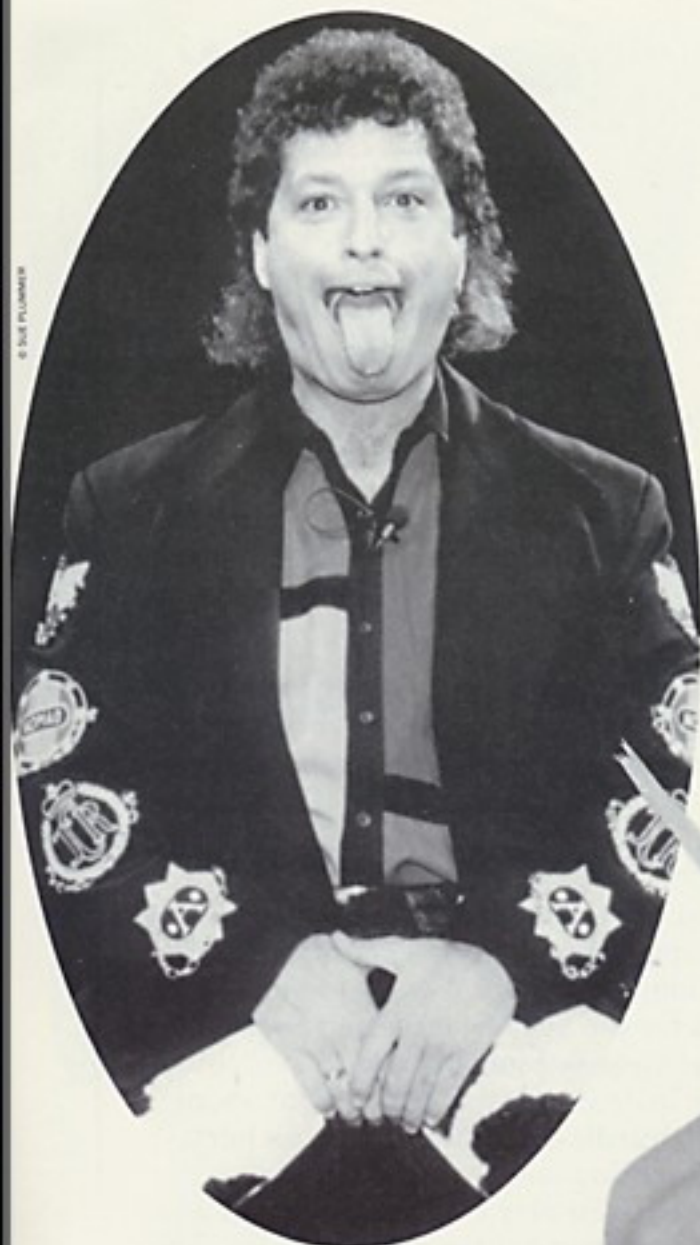
PAUL NATHAN PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Seeing Through to Marie

MARIE LAURIN was in an episode of *The Hitchhiker* and some TV commercials, but really, she's just starting. We're glad to help.



© GARY GOLDEN



Is There a Doctor in the House?

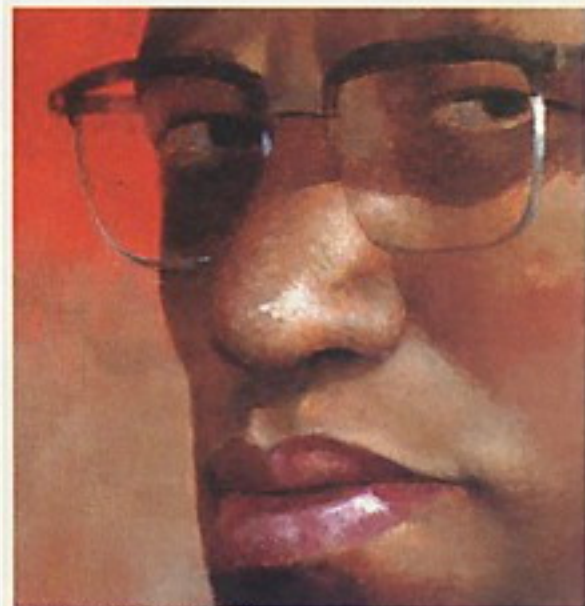
Comic HOWIE MANDEL is much too busy to be sick. A Showtime special he wrote and directed, *Howie Spent Our Summer* (get it?), will be on TV—you guessed it—this summer, and you can see *Bobby's World*, his TV cartoon, Saturday mornings. A combination of live action and animation, Mandel does the voices for Bobby and his father. Imagine getting paid for being silly.

© BOB FLORES

NEXT MONTH



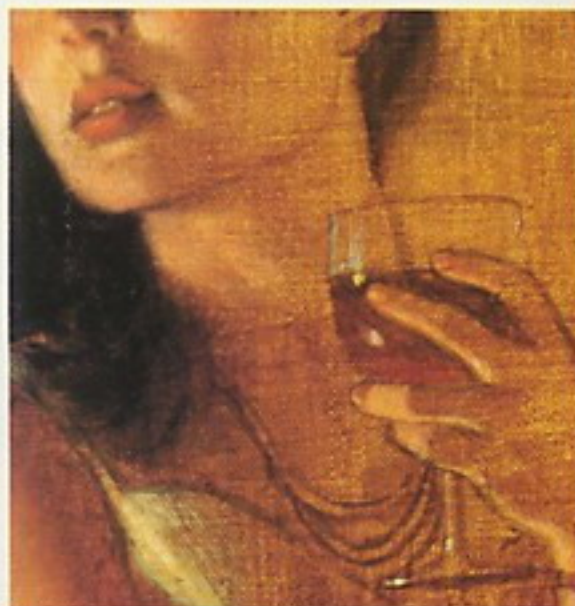
GOOD MEDICINE



MALCOLM REMEMBERED



VIDEO GAMES



THE SLIP

"THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT RUN"—AN ASTONISHINGLY CANDID LOOK AT THE MEDIA'S FAVORITE NONCANDIDATE, NEW YORK'S GOVERNOR **MARIO CUOMO**—PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON**

"RESTON'S RAT"—THERE ARE TRAPS WITHIN TRAPS WHEN GOLF BUDDIES MEET TO SORT OUT LOVE . . . AND BUSINESS—BY **KEVIN COOK**

"MALCOLM X REMEMBERED"—THE LATE **ALEX HALEY** KNEW THE MARTYRED BLACK LEADER FROM HIS DAYS BERATING "WHITE DEVILS" TO HIS FINAL CRUSADE FOR BROTHERHOOD. NOW, AS RAPPERS, HISTORIANS AND FILM MAKER **SPIKE LEE** LAY CLAIM TO MALCOLM, HALEY'S REFLECTIONS TAKE ON A SPECIAL IMMEDIACY

"MED-ALERT!"—HERE COMES A PICTORIAL THAT'LL GIVE YOU PALPITATIONS. HAPPILY, THIS NURSING STAFF IS WELL EQUIPPED TO REVIVE THE FAINTHEARTED

MICHAEL KEATON MAY BE HOLLYWOOD'S MOST VERSATILE ACTOR. (WHO ELSE WOULD TACKLE *MR. MOM*, *BATMAN* AND *CLEAN AND SOBER*?) HE DISCOURSES ON TOPICS FROM **SEAN YOUNG'S** BIZARRE CATWOMAN CAMPAIGN TO WHY HE FEELS LIKE A SAFE-SEX POSTER BOY IN A WITTY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"ADVENTURES IN SAFE SEX"—AFTER HIS SECOND DIVORCE, OUR BORN-AGAIN SINGLE TESTS THE SEXUAL WATERS AND FINDS THE TIDE HIGHER THAN HE'D REALIZED—BY **DAN GREENBURG**

"SMART DRUGS"—EAGER ENTREPRENEURS CLAIM HERBS, AMINO ACIDS AND PHARMACEUTICALS CAN HOT-WIRE YOUR BRAIN—BY **JERRY STAHL**

AWESOME AUSSIE **NICOLE KIDMAN** TALKS ABOUT HER ON- AND OFF-SCREEN CHEMISTRY WITH HUBBY **TOM CRUISE** AND SINGS THE PRAISES OF SHORTER MEN IN A FAIR DINKUM **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"LET THE GAMES BEGIN"—VIDEO AND COMPUTER ACTION IS BACK WITH A VENGEANCE—AND THIS TIME, THE BIG BOYS ARE PLAYING, TOO—BY **DAVID ELRICH**

PLUS: **"THE SLIP,"** A SHORT-SHORT STORY BY **GARY SMITH**; MEMBERS OF THE **U.S. OLYMPIC VOLLEYBALL TEAM** MODEL BEACH TOGS; CLASSIC SUMMER DRINKS, BY **PAUL PACAULT**; THE SEXIEST THING ON TV'S *HOME IMPROVEMENT*, PLAYMATE **PAMELA ANDERSON**; AND MUCH MORE